

STATE OF NEW JERSEY)

COUNTY OF ESSEX )

SS:.

I, BRUCE SPELLMAN, being duly sworn upon my oath, do depose and say:

1. I am 18 years of age. I live at 233 Hunterdon Street, Newark, New Jersey, apartment 10E. I have lived in Newark all of my life. I am a Negro.

2. On Saturday, July 15, 1967, between 6:30 and 6:45 P.M., I was with my six sisters and four brothers in the kitchen of our apartment. Two friends, Samuel Way and Craig Lasenberry, and a cousin, Edward Thomas Jr., were also present.

3. We were talking together when I heard a rapid firing from outside. Then I heard a scream in the front room where my mother Eloise Spellman was.

4. Two of my sisters, Sharon, 17 and Doreen, 13, went to the front room and saw my mother laying over the couch. The rest of us followed them into the room.

5. One of my sisters said to my mother, "I told you not to look out the window." My brother, Richard, went to our neighbor's apartment across the hall to call an ambulance.

6. I went over to my mother. She was bleeding very badly. I tried to see where she was shot. She had one arm on the couch, and I couldn't see where the blood came from at first. My friend Craig, helped me turn her over and I saw a wound by the top of the arm near the shoulder. The flesh was torn out, though she wasn't bleeding from there. Then I saw a hole right under her shoulder blade where blood was pouring out. I thought of applying a tourniquet, but I couldn't because the wound was so high.

7. My mother asked me to get something to stop the pain but I couldn't because the police were now shooting into the kitchen.

At this point, my mother seemed to go into shock and she started talking deliriously.

8. My cousin, Edward Nichol, came down from his apartment upstairs.

My little brothers and sisters were excited and were crying and running around the apartment. Richard, who had come back, told them to get down on the floor. Shots were still being fired at the apartment.

9. A Newark policeman, carrying his gun, moved into the apartment in a crouching position. He told us to keep calm, and he managed to get them to stop shooting at our apartment by tying a sheet to his rifle and putting it out the window.

The police continued shooting at all other apartments from the fifth floor up.

The policeman and my three cousins put my mother on a mattress and brought her into the hall.

Two ambulance men came in and put my mother on a stretcher.

Before she was brought on to the elevator, my mother told my cousins to take care of the kids.

10. On Sunday, July 16, 1967 at about 11:00 o'clock in the morning, our friend, Phyllis Horne, came to our apartment and told us that our mother was dead.

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BRUCE SPELLMAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me  
this \_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 1967.